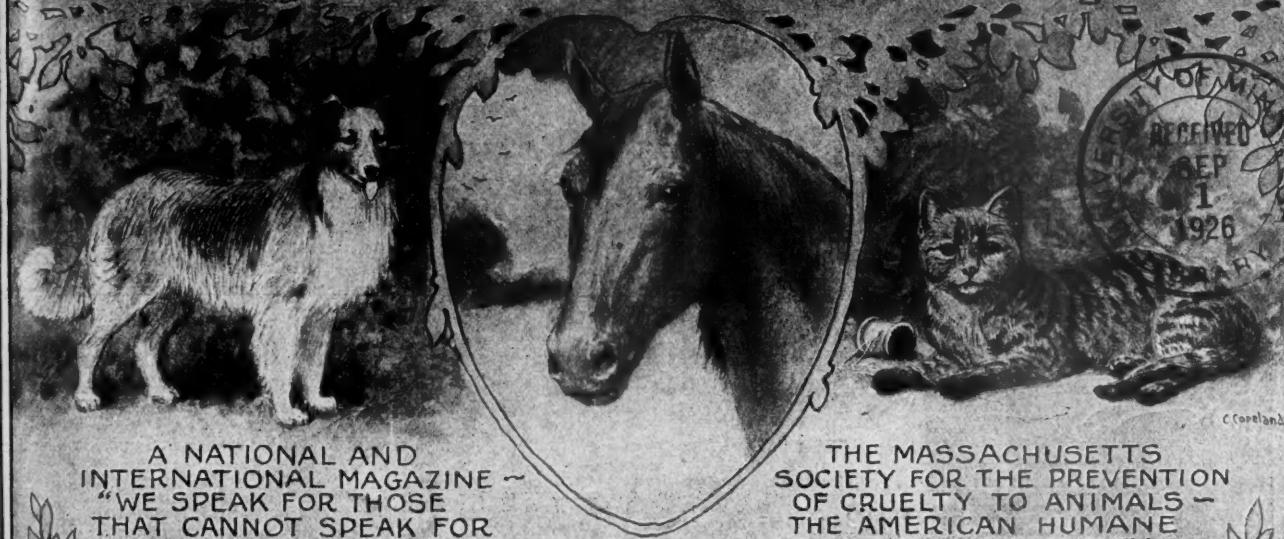


OUR DUMB ANIMALS



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INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE ~
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR
THEMSELVES"

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THE MASSACHUSETTS
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS ~
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

Vol. 59

No. 4

SEPTEMBER, 1926

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The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society

The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

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No. 4

WE wish that justice to animals were more often given consideration than mercy. Justice is their right. Mercy, rather, is for those who dare not plead for justice.

THE humane world, familiar with Mrs. Hosali's work in North Africa, will scarcely wonder that John Galsworthy has likened it to "the holy crusades of ancient times."

IT is reported by local police in Ireland that champagne is used to stimulate the birds in cock-fights. With the Volstead act in force in this country we fancy the poor combatants are enlivened by a far less expensive stimulant.

WHEN the New York Committee was welcoming General Nobile, who flew over the Pole with Amundsen and Ellsworth, he said, "Don't forget Pipina, my dog. She flew over the Pole too." He carried her in his arms.

WE read with genuine pleasure in a leaflet published by the Blue Cross Society the query, "Have you noticed the latest advertisements of coats reading 'Tailored without fur'?" Can it be public sentiment against the cruelty of trapping is already beginning to be felt by garment makers?

A HIGH sense of the claim of the animal world upon us for justice and compassion is not a modern idea. The most of us are still far behind. Plutarch recognized these claims. Men of other and older civilizations than our own, of which we boast as Christian, could put the great majority of us to shame by the regard they had for life's lowlier children.

CHICAGO, New York, Philadelphia—into each of these cities the Rodeo has forced its way. Will this cheap appeal to the lower passions of the unthinking and ignorant try Boston next? No protests of humane societies and humane people were able to shut the gates of these other cities to it. It's already time that the watchmen at the gates of Boston were on their guard.

MEXICO'S GREAT HOPE

Her Children Petition the Government to Abolish the Bull-fight

THE following remarkable statement is taken from *La Prensa*:

"City of Mexico, June 27, 1926

"A campaign against bull-fights has been initiated in this republic by the school children.

"The movement began in a rural school near the City of Mexico by means of a petition signed by thousands of boys and girls and sent to the Minister of Education, demanding that, since Mexico has reached a higher degree of culture and enlightenment, the barbarity of the bull-fight, which is an affront to civilization, be abolished.

"The petition requests the Secretary of Education to obtain the assistance of other high government officials to put an end to bull-fights or at least to prevent the slaughter of the horses which now take a leading part in the bull-fight."

Nothing more promising has come out of Mexico within our memory. Nothing gives finer evidence of the better day that is in store for that celebrated country. It is a sign of progress in the nation's educational, social, and civil life that all high-minded men and women the world over must welcome with sincere pleasure. Every humane society in the United States will gladly respond, we are confident, in aiding in any possible way these children in this great endeavor. We will gladly receive and forward any contributions from readers of *Our Dumb Animals* designed to further the splendid undertaking of the school children of Mexico.

THE tremendous growth of the automobile industry has been given as a reason for a number of whip concerns going out of business. Official figures, however, show that in the United States there are now 4,152,000 more horses than in 1900. From this it would seem that the good work of the S. P. C. A. and other humane organizations were a larger contributing cause for this condition than is generally recognized.

—*Christian Science Monitor*

A NEW OCCASION FOR CRUELTY

WHILE no complaint has ever reached us of any cruelty inflicted upon horses or mules so far as pulling contests have been supervised by the Horse Association of America, that there is abundant opportunity for cruelty in these contests, and that it is more or less prevalent, is evident from the following taken from the *News-Record*, of Lumsden, Saskatchewan:

"The entertainment provided (this was at the Agricultural Fair) was the horse-pulling contest at the dynamometer on the afternoon of each day and baseball. The pulling contest seemed to interest the crowd. As an attraction at a fair it is about the most brutal affair we have ever looked upon. One can excuse a man with a team in an emergency, but to test dumb brutes on a concern like the dynamometer should be condemned and prohibited. The machine should be thrown into the crater at Mt. Vesuvius and the infernal thing left there to smoulder to the end of eternity."

Humane Societies will do well to have a representative present at these contests. Our own Society secured a conviction two years ago at the Brockton Fair, where a yoke of oxen were cruelly prodded by their driver.

IF THEY COULD PLEAD FOR US

SIR CHARLES NAPIER, G. C. B., renowned a hundred years ago in the military world, from his childhood was a devoted friend of animals. Writing home from the far East when he was in command he says, "If ever anything has been done by me worth my hire, which is doubtful, it is these roads"—referring to two great roads of Kanilangada and St. Liberales and Samos Road, which he made. "Many a poor mule's soul will say a good word for me at the last day when they remember the old road."

ACCORDING to the census report for 1924 there were on farms in the New England States the following number of horses and mules: Maine 82,715, Vermont 63,504, Massachusetts 44,113, Connecticut 34,943, and New Hampshire 31,740.

MANY TRAINED ANIMAL TURNS ARE DISCARDED

NON-CRUEL FORMS OF ENTERTAINMENT ON STAGE AND SCREEN WILL BE DEMANDED

THE protests against the Rodeo exhibitions at the Philadelphia Sesquicentennial were unavailing, but our readers may be assured that the Pennsylvania S. P. C. A. and the women's organization will take immediate action at the first manifestation of cruelty. Their agents are on the ground at every performance.

WHEN one comes to think about it, the trapping of wild animals is a diabolic occupation, and, whether a human necessity or not, it is just as cruel as the humane societies proclaim.

—North American Veterinarian

THE SENSATION MONGER

A RODEO promoter is advertising for business in one of the leading horse journals. Among his inducements for patronage is this: "If you only had a true record of the serious accidents, crippled and killed performers, crippled and killed livestock of this company that occurred in the 1925 season, you would then really believe the attractive features in this line of amusement." If you would believe his statement you should at least be convinced of the cruelties in training and preparing for the rodeo.

PROGRESS, SLOW BUT SURE

WE have been wondering if that slim attendance at the circus which features "trained wild animals" is not due to growing disgust on the part of a lot of us who can't see anything "brave" about that sort of thing. There is certainly nothing educational about it, nothing worthy of emulation by the children who make up a large part of a circus audience. And it is so old now that there is little "thrill" in it, except perhaps for the moron who gloats over animal torture of any sort.

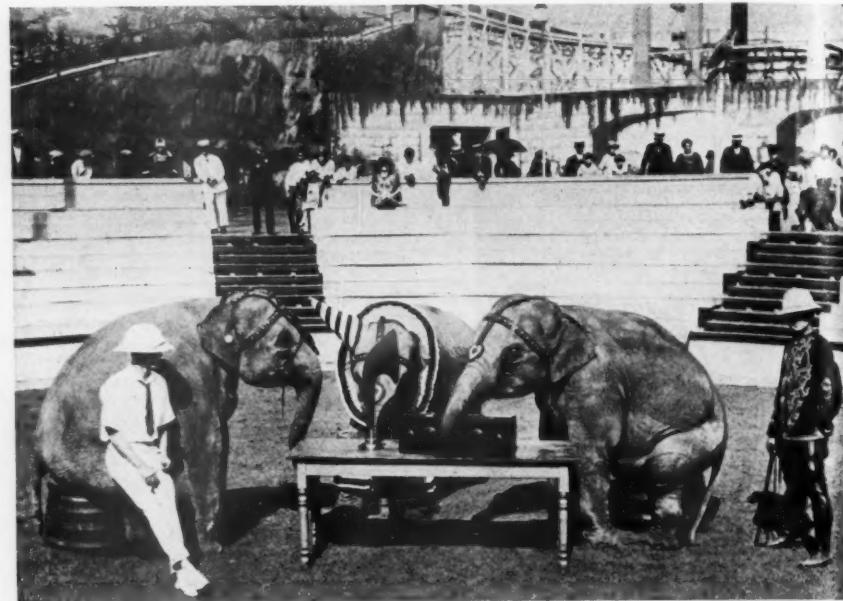
The really big circuses have abandoned the wild animal acts. They did it largely because of protests by humane society people, but they have been surprised to discover that, instead of decreasing attendance, it has increased it. Some movie producers, not long ago, sent out films in which cruelty to some of the dumb animal actors was apparent as well as implied. Protests have resulted in much of that cruelty being eliminated. In Boston, and other cities and towns where the Jack London clubs are strong, they simply leave the theater where animal acts are shown, either on the screen or in vaudeville. Having an audience "walk out" on him is one thing that touches the theater manager's heart when nothing else will. So there has been a distinct improvement in that respect.

It is gratifying to know that America is beginning to take thought of these things. We hope that all the owners of the little circuses may eventually see the light — come to a realization that the "trained wild animal" act, far from being an attraction, may actually cause people to stay away.

From editorial in Warren (Pa.) *Evening Times*.

AT THE ZOO

YOUNG SON—"You say that is the bird of freedom, mamma?"
Mamma—"Yes, my dear."
Son—"Then why is it in a cage?"



International Newsreel

THE ELEPHANTS' "ROUTINE OF IMBECILITIES" NOW PRODUCES AS MUCH DISGUST AND HEART-ACHE AS AGREEABLE AMUSEMENT

WHY HAVE PERFORMING ANIMALS?

CLEMENCE DANE

WHY have performing animals at all? Is the delight of watching an elephant dive or a pig spell so exquisite that England really cannot do without the spectacle? Is the pleasure derived so unparalleled that it is worth the risk of even one beast's fear or pain? Rabbits on a hillside in the dusk — there indeed is a performance worth watching; but a touzled rabbit lolloping out of a conjurer's hat — that hurts your heart.

Any animal taken from its own place and taught to behave unnaturally is, in my opinion, a sufferer, however kind its trainer may be. Certainly dogs and horses have been humanized so long that they accept unnatural conditions more easily than the wild beasts, and yet — what is left of your true dog, your companion and your friend when you have dressed him like a little man and taught him sentry-go on his hind legs? What do you gain compared with what you lose?

I seldom go to a menagerie or animal performance; but I never hear the Litany on Sundays without thinking of a caged lion I saw once (not ill-treated) on a suburban stage; or of the admirably cared-for cages at the Zoo. "That it may please Thee to show Thy pity on all prisoners and captives," we beseech. I suppose we only mean human ones.

Mt. Eden, Auckland, N. Z.

Massachusetts S. P. C. A.

Dear Sirs:

I wish to become a member of the newly-formed "No Furs League." This is a most excellent movement and I feel sure the membership will grow rapidly among all animal loving people. Sincerely yours,

ADELINE TREVITHICK

THE RODEO AT PHILADELPHIA

IN reply to the many earlier protests which were addressed to him by personal letter and through the public press, against the rodeo, as announced in the program of the Sesquicentennial exhibition at Philadelphia, the following letter by Mayor Kendrick was made public:

CITY OF PHILADELPHIA

Office of the Mayor

July 8th, 1926

The Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Gentlemen:—

I have just learned that representatives of The Pennsylvania Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and also the Women's Branch of The Pennsylvania Society had had a satisfactory interview with the management of the rodeo which is scheduled to take place in the Stadium of the Sesqui-centennial grounds, beginning next Monday.

As Mayor of the City and President of the Sesqui-centennial Association, I will join with you in preventing anything in the nature of cruelty to the animals which will perform in this Show. I am sure that you are aware of the consideration and affection that both Mrs. Kendrick and I have for animals, plus the interest we have in the work of your splendid Society.

Instructions have been given to permit nothing approaching cruelty in connection with this Show.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) W. FREELAND KENDRICK
Mayor

Join the Jack London Club — a great movement whose goal is the prevention of cruelty to performing animals.

SWANNANOA

LESLIE CLARE MANCHESTER

IT'S Sabbath, 'Liza, on the Peaks
Of Swannanoa Range today;
A calm as endless as the haze
That purples all the far-away!
The moon-vines ripple in the breeze
With ruffled blossoms white and cool,
While yonder in the rock's thin cup
A thrush has found a showery pool!

The yearlings lean their necks across
The paling by the pole-built shed;
They lean and munch unceasingly
And turn with languid grace a head!
Their low bell tinkles now and then
A dreamful note of sweet content;
The pastures near are leafy-lush
But thither yet no trail is bent!

Old Bruno sleeps upon his paws
Nor hears the golden bees a-drone
In bloom that trails the trellis bards;
He lives in years forever flown!
And thus, I smoke my morning pipe
And puff a cloud of lazy blue
So glad that all the world is mine;
Ah, all the world, my dear, and you!

GAME HUNTING IS A CRUEL SPORT

CHARLES J. FERIOL

IT seems that most men are averse to killing even a chicken for food, but when out in the woods with a gun and dog become suddenly imbued with the lust for killing; especially when the dog, whether it be bird dog or otherwise, scents and locates game. The hunter becomes vitally interested in what the dog is doing when, lo! the game moves—the hunter shoots and another life is forfeited as a sacrifice to the caprice of man.

When I was a younger man I never thought that killing harmless birds or little innocent wild animals was a very cruel and selfish pastime, but as I grow older my heart seems to grow more tender and I feel that I shall not kill any kind of game for sport. The present change of heart has been brought about by two experiences in the near past.

On one occasion, while hunting for deer when the hunting season was open for that sort of game during the first week of December, 1925, my companion and I shot at and wounded a young doe so that it could not stand on its feet. When we caught up to it, the poor thing looked at us with a pair of big brown eyes with a look in them which seemed to say to us, "Why did you do this to me? And now that you have hurt me so that I am unable to go any farther, what are you going to do to me?"

Looking at that beautiful animal with its big brown eyes asking for sympathy made me actually shed more than one tear, but when my companion asked me to put the poor thing out of its misery—may God forgive me, I felt more like shooting my companion in the head for having done what he did to that beautiful innocent animal than like killing it.

The above experience impressed me so much that the following night I dreamed that the deer came to me, that it could speak and that it said to me: "Why did you and your companion shoot at me? I never harmed you or any other living thing. Do you realize the untold pain and agony you two have inflicted on me?"

Sergeant York a Lover of Peace

World War Hero is Interviewed by James D. Burton, Field Worker of American Humane Education Society



MR. BURTON FOUND SERGEANT YORK AND HIS SON HARVESTING WHEAT ON THE FARM IN THE CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINS OF TENNESSEE

While all this was happening in my dream my wife aroused me from my deep and troubled slumber and wanted to know what was the matter, because it seemed to her that I was crying in my sleep. Then I told her what I had been dreaming. I have taken a solemn vow to God that I will never go hunting again.

On the first day of the present year, while I was out hunting for rabbits, one of them darted out from a cover to avoid the dog, and my vision being somewhat obscured from the sun and the bushes which were facing me, I hit the poor little furry thing so that both its rear legs were rendered useless. While in that condition it dragged itself along by its front legs for at least twenty feet till I caught up to it, and when I reached down to take hold of that poor thing it squealed so pitifully that at the present moment I imagine I can hear the noise it made.

Since time immemorial man has gone on killing for sport poor, little, wild, innocent things, just to satisfy his whim. If such things were killed for food that might be well considered a good reason, but to slaughter just for sport is nothing less than murder. In war man will kill man because he is compelled to do so in order to defend his own life. Whether we can justify wars is not the question for us here to decide, for the fact remains that people kill each other in time of war in order to defend their own lives, but to kill poor, little, wild, innocent things just for the mere sport of killing is the most selfish and cruel habit in the world.

I am preaching this sermon for the sole purpose of impressing readers to endeavor to see this thing in the same light I am beginning to see it. I used to think that a man who did not care to hunt and kill wild game was lacking in virility, but God has seen fit to turn my thoughts in the right direction, and I hope that from now on others too, will see this thing as I am beginning to see it and refrain from killing game just for the mere sport of killing.

SERGEANT ALVIN C. YORK, of World War fame, is shown herewith in his wheat harvest field in the Cumberland Mountains of Fentress County, Tennessee. He is seated on the big reaper, with his little son at his feet.

He dislikes to talk about the horrors of war, and is more interested in childhood, home, horses, cattle, dogs, and farming, than what all the world may have to say about him as a military hero.

Great military chieftains have paid him highest tribute, decorations have been numerous. Returning from France he was given the room at the Waldorf-Astoria, in New York City, usually reserved for the President of the United States. He was feted on every hand, and the press of the United States sounded his praises. Thousands of dollars were offered him to commercialize his fame. But all this had no influence upon his conception of life, which is to live in peace with all mankind, in simplicity and honesty. This is the course he is pursuing today in his mountain home in Tennessee.

When I called on him in the wheat harvest field, he was giving his four, large white horses a needed breathing spell from their labors of pulling the big harvesting machine. He is very fond of horses, and has a temperament that bespeaks kindness to every living creature.

"If the picture is a good one, please send the little boy one," was his modest request when I made the picture. He looked to the dark blue mountains surrounding us, and asked, "Well, what do you think of our little mountain valley?" I replied, "I think it is beautiful; so peaceful, quiet, and happy."

Here was a beautiful scene, with the Cumberland Mountains encircling the Wolf River Valley of Tennessee, with nothing to disturb the peacefulness of the valley, the main line railroads more than forty miles away, and I turned to the highway to resume my journey, feeling that this notable figure breathed in a large measure the Spirit of the Mountaineer of Galilee in his love for little children, and his horror for cruelty in all of its forms.

The Gregarious Grackle

ALVIN M. PETERSON

Photographs by the Author

TWO years ago, when attending a football game at La Crosse, Wisconsin, I saw a stream or, perhaps, rather a ribbon of black birds, far, far overhead, winding this way and that, across the sky from east to west. The birds continued flying in a steady stream for an unbelievable length of time. The birds were red-winged blackbirds and grackles bound for their roosting grounds to the west. At another time, I stood at a little railway station in southeastern Minnesota and watched a continuous stream of grackles flying by. These birds were also bound for their nightly roosting place. The next morning the birds returned, flying in the opposite direction, for they were then bound for their feeding grounds.

Nor are the ribbons and streams of flying grackles all we see of these birds here in the upper Mississippi Valley. Great flocks pour out over the land in every direction during the morning hours. These flocks are to be seen during the late summer and fall of the year, since the birds winter farther southward and are not to be seen in great flocks during the nesting season. The flocks make their appearance shortly before the corn reaches the milk stage. Then the birds often alight in corn fields, where they do considerable damage in very short order. They tear the husk of the corn to shreds, then feast on the kernels. Unless the birds are driven off they soon ruin a patch of corn. Consequently, most farmers remain on guard, shotguns near at hand, during the critical days.

No doubt, most people know grackles as the large, miniature crow-like birds to be seen walking sedately over the lawns of city yards and parks, hoarsely creaking while busily gleaming a living. In the eastern states, south of Massachusetts, live the purple grackles, while north of the range of the purple species and west of the Alleghanies live the bronzed grackles. But these are so much alike that usually what is said of one is equally true of the other.

During the spring and early summer, grackles, or as they also are known, crow blackbirds, are not to be found in such great

flocks as during the rest of the year. They are then busy nesting, along streams, in trees and bushes. Still, where you find one grackle's nest, you are sure to find others, as a number nest near each other. My bird trips often take me up the Black River. There I find many grackles' nests in the birches and willows. Some nests that I find are but two or three feet from the ground, though others are eight, ten, even twelve and fifteen feet from the ground. On my last trip I found three nests very near each other in red birches. All of these were about seven feet from the ground. Sometimes I find nests either in or on the tops of stubs. If built within stubs, they are built where a considerable part of the wall of a hollow has been torn away. The nest is made of reeds and marsh grass, lined with finer grass. Considerable muck is also used, giving the nest a solid framework. The eggs, which usually number four, are greenish in color scrawled with black. The nest is four or five inches in diameter, fully as deep as wide. It looks a good deal like the nest of the red-wing, but is larger and deeper. The eggs of grackles also are larger than those of red-wings, but otherwise resemble them a good deal.

Grackles' nests seem to be pretty much of a community affair. This is rather to be expected because of the gregarious tendencies of these birds. I have often noticed that when I visit a nest all grackles within hearing soon arrive on the scene, where they scold in creaking notes. Often the grackles are joined by a number of red-wings. Red-wings and grackles seem to be more or less inseparable throughout the year. They nest near each other in summer, and during the rest of the year fraternize as previously indicated. But a few days ago, when on a boating trip, I stopped to photograph a grackle's nest that I found in a willow. Soon a dozen or more grackles and red-wings were scolding from the tree-tops. In spite of their numbers, however, these birds never make any attempt to defend a nest. They evidently rely on their numbers and voices, rather than on force, for protection.

OUR FRIEND BOB WHITE

LOUELLA C. POOLE

BOB WHITE! *Bob White! What's this we hear*

In cheery tones so full and clear

Upon the morning breeze?

It is the voice of our good friend

Who greeting to us seems to send

From out the shrubs and trees.

Ah, now he runs along the ground —
Another of our foes he's found!

And still another! See!

Presto! it is a countless host

That he dispatches, yet no boast

Of service fine makes he.

Brave, energetic, gay Bob White,
'Tis well for man your appetite

Seems quite insatiate,

And keeps you busy all the day,

As tireless you work away

From early dawn till late.

You're worth your weight in gold, Bob White,
To keep up such a plucky fight

Against man's enemies,

Those harmful pests—a mighty band —

That make such havoc through the land

On shrubs and plants and trees.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I do hereby give, devise and bequeath to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or, The American Humane Education Society), incorporated by special Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).



YOUNG GRACKLES



NEST AND EGGS OF THE BRONZED GRACKLE

THE CARDINAL

HAZEL KELLER STRUBEL

A SKY of heavenly blue—a whistle clear—
A flash of wings like fire's intensest flame—
The vivid freshness of spring's atmosphere—
A joy within my heart I could not name.

A little girl, forgetful of my task,
I followed you that morning long ago.
More genuine devotion could you ask
Than that my childish feet should seek you so?

Since that first day you are not merely bird
With fluttering wing to hover o'er a nest;
You are a restless urge within me stirred—
A symbol of life's eager, joyous quest.

If winter bid you hover near my door,
Or spring call forth your love notes clear and sweet,

Your flashing brilliance brings to me once more
The eager questing of my childish feet.

A sky of heavenly blue—a whistle clear—
A flash of wings like heaven's intensest flame—
The vivid freshness of spring's atmosphere—
A joy within my heart I could not name.

A MULE met a little "two-seater" in an English lane.

"What are you?" inquired the mule.
"An automobile," replied the diminutive car.
"What are you?"
"A horse," replied the mule.
And then they both laughed.

Talk and practise kindness to animals while on your vacation.



FIRST AID FOR BATS, RESCUED FROM THEATER CAGES

One bat is walking along on the right hand of the girl, one is being fed warm milk by means of a paint brush, and one is lying at the edge of the piece of bread. The bread was soaked in milk and given to those not strong enough for the scraped meat which is lying back of the milk bottle. More bats may be seen suspended from the wire cage in the background.

Poor Little Snub-Noses

MARJORIE SHANAFELT

THAT exciting play, "The Bat," having been filmed is now showing in hundreds of cities and towns. Advertising is a great part of the movie game and the back pages of movie magazines are devoted to stunts warranted to focus attention upon the play of the week. Anyone can see then that houses showing "The Bat" would logically procure live bats and display them, that the public might shudder at an animal whose obnoxiousness most people believe is equalled by the snake alone. The habits of the creature being a blank page to most people, some theater attache puts a can of water in the cage, and some dry bread perhaps, and then blames the bats that they do not eat.

On making inquiry at a box office window in our town regarding the bats caged in front of the theater, I learned that they had been confined for more than a week, and that they were not hungry since they would not eat the bread and milk put in the cage for them. Four of these bats were mothers, two of them having given birth to babies while in the cage.

The boys who had been carrying the cage in and out during the week were very much interested on learning that a bat would not eat out of a dish but while in captivity must be fed by hand. That was all very well, but brave as young men of eighteen may be, not one of them was brave enough to feed one of those caged bats. The promised fate of these bats was to be smothered in order to get a good picture of them, "which was the proper thing," the pretty girl at the window asserted

since they were "just full of vermin" and really no good anyway.

It being quite evident that nothing could be done by appeals to the theater, the chief of the Humane Society was consulted and through him we were able to secure a promise of the bats' release for Friday, although it was Saturday noon before they were delivered. By this time four were lying dead on the floor of the cage. Feeding them warm milk, on a small paint brush, and then scraped beef, resulted in three of the bats recovering enough to fly away within an hour. One hoary bat died while we were feeding it. Saturday evening another died, and the next morning a mother bat with a very tiny baby clinging to her were found huddled up on the cage floor having died during the night, as had one large hoary bat near by.

Since a bat does not thrive on this type of feeding we were desirous of getting them out-of-doors as soon as possible that they might go winging their way towards a properly balanced meal, garnered from the variety of bugs circling about the street lights. Five of the bats ate well, drank well, and would probably revive in the open so we put them on the branches of various trees. They settled themselves as though they liked the movement of the branches in the breeze and we hoped they would be in good health by evening, but the next day's search found two of these dead. That meant that three, possibly, had survived. This made six live bats back in their own element. We still had four babies, so small their eyes were as yet unopened, whose mothers had perished.

For three days these were nursed on warm milk which they sucked in greedily from the paint brush, upon which they clung with a surprising strength. They never did understand why the brush had to be removed before the next swallow was a possibility. They liked warm hands and cuddled down, trying to find a fold of flesh which they could grasp with their tiny mouths. We swaddled them in a woolly bit of cloth and directed the warmth from an electric light bulb upon them. One of them died within twenty-four hours but the other three lived for several days. One acquired the tiniest of black eyes, and the hair on their backs began to show which were hoary bats and which was a little New York red bat. The second one succumbed and the last two it was necessary to chloroform, so pitifully difficult had life become for them.

And so, out of twenty-one bats, (acquired by offering mercenary small boys twenty-five cents a bat), innocent of any harmful act but enmeshed in the deadly snare of superstition and misinformation, only six were rescued. In reviewing the play the following Sunday, an enthusiastic and ignorant newspaper cub wrote, "Inside the box they drowsed the time away, comfortably hanging head downward as they slept."

Anyone who has ever held one of these soft, velvety creatures in his hands, has watched the snub-nosed face eating pin-head sized bits of scraped beef, listened to the comical clicking indignation, or their comparatively dreadful anger, will not pass by these cages without some effort to release these scorned, abused, and thoroughly misunderstood bits of Nature's handiwork.

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

SEPTEMBER, 1926

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. Full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

UNREPORTED

WHY do we withhold so largely from our columns reports of those cases of extreme cruelty which we prosecute? First, because a great multitude of children eagerly wait for our magazine and we are confident it is far better for them to learn about the nature and habits of animals and the various ways in which they have served and blessed mankind, and the treatment and care, they should receive at our hands than to outrage and distress them by accounts of brutality and deeds of cruelty that would shock every fine sensibility of their natures. Then again many grown people refrain from reading humane journals for no other reason than their fear of being distressed beyond measure. We believe it better to keep before our readers the better and brighter side of man's relation to the animal world than that other side, the outcome of his baser self. Disease is not avoided so much by our study of the ills to which we are heirs as by our healthful surroundings and those habits which mean health and not sickness.

DOGS AND MOTORS

THE English Canine Defense League has this excellent suggestion for teaching dogs to avoid the peril of the automobile:

It is essential to train dogs to beware of motors and to understand that they must go to the side of the road on the approach of a car. Some dogs keep to heel naturally; others need teaching. The simplest way of which we have knowledge is to fasten a strong whip-cord, eight or ten feet long, to his collar. Let him wander till a car approaches, then pull the cord quickly and call him to heel. If he refuses to come he must be gently "drawn in." When the car has passed, let the dog go out again, and keep on repeating the lessons. Almost every dog will soon understand that the noise of a car means danger and seek safety at the side of the road. When approaching a crossing, call the dog to heel and make him wait until the road is clear, then wave the hand and say "Right." He should go forward quickly and cross in safety. He soon learns where to wait.

CITY MAN (to farmer)—Why are those bees flying around so frantically?

Farmer—I guess they have hives.

THE POLICEMAN AND THE DOG

FAR be it from us to say anything in criticism of the average policeman. He is generally with us and co-operating in preventing or punishing cruelty. Many of our best helpers are members of the force in all our Massachusetts towns and cities. However, when numbers of unlicensed dogs are found, or when a mad-dog scare occurs, there is often a ruthless destruction of perfectly harmless dogs by a certain type of dog-catcher or police officer that calls for severe condemnation. The cutting irony of a former Mayor of a prominent city with regard to this, and given to the press in the form of a letter to the editor, will be appreciated by not a few of our readers.

"Let us erect a monument to the brave police who fearlessly prowl through the alleys with loaded shot or machine gun, seeking out some poor, harmless pet dog belonging to some poor boy or lonely woman and then shoot it down."

"Mr. Officer, whoever you are, you should be immortalized in bronze or granite. No doubt, around about your beat are violators aplenty, but these violators have votes while dogs are just dogs, but with more human sympathy in their canine hearts than the puller of the trigger that shoots them down in cold blood."

GROWTH OF VEGETARIANISM

VEGETARIANISM is at least as old as the book of Daniel and, according to the ancient record, Adam and Eve never went into the meat business.

The increase, however, in restaurants in this country and especially in England, where the choice of a purely vegetable diet is possible is significant. In London in scores of tea-shops like the A. B. C. and Lyons, several vegetarian dishes are included on the daily bill of fare. An exchange tells the amusing story of a housemaid who being asked if she objected to living with vegetarians declared herself quite willing to do so. Afterwards the family learned she hastened to make inquiries outside as to what "kind of religion" it was.

INTERESTING FIGURES

THE average production of corn in the United States for a period of 10 years ending with 1924 was 2,861,500,100 bushels. Of this 40 per cent was fed to swine, 20 per cent to horses, 15 per cent to cattle, 4 per cent to poultry, one per cent to sheep, to stock not on farms 5.5 per cent, ground for feed 6.5 per cent, exported 1.5 per cent, consumed for human food 3.5 per cent, other uses 3 per cent.

FRANCE has fallen into line. The days from May 30 to June 5 were observed in many places as Animal Welfare Week. In Paris a large fête was held for children, balloons were given away to which were attached cards inculcating kindness, and there were parades of horses and dogs and exhibitions of the works of famous animal painters.

WHILE the Rodeo performances at the Philadelphia Sesqui-centennial may so far avoid such deeds as will openly violate the anti-cruelty laws of the state, reports of spectators already condemn the exhibition as demoralizing to the young and a blot upon the fair name of the city whose authorities have permitted it.

THE GASOLINE BEAR

OF course we mean the unfortunate bear—often it is a coyote, a porcupine, an eagle, or some other poor creature—kept at a gasoline station purely to attract customers. Our readers will be glad to know that our officer in Springfield recently secured a conviction against a man named Stone, owner of a gasoline station at North Wilbraham. A fine of \$50 was imposed. Two bears and a coyote were confined in narrow quarters without sufficient protection from the sun and rain and without sufficient food. Generally all we can do is to compel keepers of these pitiable animals to give them decent care. This man would not heed our warnings.

IS A TURTLE AN ANIMAL?

ONE court at least said "No." No matter. We have just convicted a man for cruelty to animals, who, after having caught a turtle with a fish hook, tied a cord around its leg and jerked it about for awhile to amuse himself and a crowd of children. He paid only \$10 for his cruelty, but it was enough to teach him his needed lesson.

A BLESSING FOR THE HORSES

AMONG the changes that have curtailed the use of horses in cities, especially, have been the establishing of jobbing houses on railroad sidings, the development of subways connecting mercantile houses with railways by electric train subway freight service, (as in Chicago), and the shift from coal to oil business, and from ice to electric refrigeration. There are today, according to Government reports, approximately 17,000,000 horses and mules in harness. For short hauls the horse is still economically cheaper than the auto-truck and in many instances business concerns are going back to him for interurban work.

BEWARE THE DOG-STEALER!

IN a Boston newspaper there appear daily many advertisements of lost dogs. The number often reaches to more than a score. Were the truth known it is most probable that the missing animals, dear to their owners, besides representing much value, did not become lost at all, but were the victims of some of the meanest type of human thieves. The percentage of recovery of the dogs that are advertised is comparatively small. They are disposed of in such ways that their restoration to their rightful owners can only be secured by the offer of most liberal rewards. The dog-stealer then compounds his felonious act by "holding up" the owner for an excessive sum, usually with no questions asked.

There is another phase of this despicable brand of criminality. Along the state highways and boulevards where motor tourists travel by the thousands, dogs of almost every kind are offered for sale. The opportunity is alluring and many a real dog vendor finds ready customers who buy on sight. How easily may these wayside stands become the outlet for "lost" dogs?

In the light of these prevailing conditions the warning to the dog owner then is by no means a false alarm. Seldom are the perpetrators of this most vicious crime of dog-stealing brought into court. Detection and conviction are difficult. Let the dog-owner beware both the unprincipled stealer and the unscrupulous dealer!

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

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Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor
FRED'K M. STEARNS, Treasurer
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary

Trustees of Permanent Funds

JOHN R. MACOMBER, President of Harris, Forbes and Company
CHARLES G. BANCROFT, Director of the First National Bank of Boston
CHARLES E. ROGERSON, President of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Prosecuting Officers in Boston

Telephone (Complaints, Ambulances) Regent 6100
L. WILLARD WALKER, Chief Officer
HARRY L. ALLEN
HARVEY R. FULLER
WALTER B. POPE
DAVID A. BOLTON
AMBROSE F. NOWLIN
L. A. LECAIN
EDWIN D. MOODY
HERMAN N. DEAN

Womens' Auxiliary of the Mass. S. P. C. A.

180 Longwood Avenue, Boston
MRS. EDITH W. CLARKE, President
MRS. LUCIUS CUMMINGS, Vice-President
MRS. A. J. FURBUSH, Treasurer
MISS HELEN W. POTTER, Secretary

MONTHLY REPORT

Cases investigated	581
Animals examined	2,840
Number of prosecutions	40
Number of convictions	39
Horses taken from work	164
Horses humanely put to sleep	55
Small animals humanely put to sleep	1,206
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	28,254
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	48

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges gifts during July of \$150 each from Mrs. H. A. H., and Mrs. L. A. J.; \$100 each from J. R. M., Mrs. L. C., and H. A. C.; \$60 from E. F. K.; \$50 each from Miss I. M., Mrs. K. K. D., Miss H. C. B., J. L. P., and H. M. J.; \$38.50 from Mrs. H. D. P.; \$32 from S. L. C.; \$30 from M. J.; \$25 each from D. W., Mrs. L. L., Mrs. J. S. B., Mrs. L. C. K., K. S., H. W. C., W. E. P., Mrs. W. W., Jr., E. A. S., J. L., and I. H. N.; and \$20 each from Mrs. A. P. B., and Miss M. L. P.

The Society has been remembered in the wills of Emily F. Carpenter of Malden and Lucinda Ellen Shaw of Boston.

August 10, 1926.

Remember the Nevins Rest and Boarding Farm for Horses maintained by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. at Methuen. Only \$3.50 pays the expense of a week's vacation for some deserving horse. Checks for this purpose should be mailed to the Society at 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital
184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Regent 6100
Veterinarians
H. F. DAILEY, v.m.d., Chief
R. H. SCHNEIDER, v.m.d.
E. F. SCHROEDER, d.v.m.
W. M. EVANS, d.v.s.
D. L. BOLGER, d.v.s.
G. B. SCHNELLE, v.m.d.
HARRY L. ALLEN, Superintendent
FREE Dispensary for Animals
Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday, from 11 to 1.
Advice for sick and injured animals.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR JULY

Hospital	Free Dispensary		
Cases entered	742	Cases	1,671
Dogs	545	Dogs	1,388
Cats	172	Cats	266
Horses	17	Birds	10
Birds	5	Horses	6
Monkeys	2	Rat	1
Kinkajou	1		
Operations	417		
Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, '15	57,997		
Free Dispensary cases	89,814		
Total	147,811		

VACATIONS FOR CITY HORSES

ALL truck and delivery horses owned by the city of Berlin, Germany, are having a three-weeks' vacation this summer, states a recent Associated Press despatch. A 300-acre municipal horse "sanitarium" in charge of a corps of veterinarians is used for this purpose.

The officials in charge of the place, formerly a nobleman's estate, say it pays the city to give horses a rest in the same way that it pays to give human beings a vacation. The horses get all the oats and hay they can eat, and prance around the meadows or loll in the shade under the trees.

Many private business concerns are adopting the idea, sending their horses to the same farm while the drivers are on vacation.

MAKING TRAPPERS RESPONSIBLE

A NEW law which will go into effect this fall in British Columbia will prohibit the fall trapping of all water animals in every part of the Province; it also compels the registration of all trap lines making every trapper permanently responsible for the proper trapping of his own district. Such legislation reflects the wide-spread conviction that less wasteful and more humane methods are to be enforced in the taking of wild animals by the trap.

ENGLAND has added the plover to its Wild Birds Protection Bill. The robbing of the plovers' nests for the eggs, a table delicacy for those able to pay for them, according to Viscount Grey, has reduced the number of these birds to dozens where once there were thousands. The plover is one of the farmer's best friends.

LITTLE Esther was witnessing for the first time a cat carrying a kitten by the nape of the neck.

Running up, she gave the cat a good shake, then said: "You're not fit to be a mother. You're hardly fit to be a father!"

SPECIAL NOTICE

A new prosecuting officer has been appointed for Methuen, Lawrence, Haverhill, the Andovers and vicinity. It has been impossible for the superintendent of the Rest Farm and Shelter at Methuen to attend to his farm duties and answer complaints and calls relative to small animals. We have therefore sent to Methuen one of our most efficient officers, William Enos, to whom, hereafter all complaints, calls about animals, etc., shall be made and not to the new superintendent of the Farm, Mr. W. W. Haswell, who succeeds Mr. C. V. Swanton. Mr. Enos' address is 26 Stevens Street, Methuen, Tel. Lawrence 26591. Mr. Enos, it will be seen by this arrangement, divides Essex County with our officer, Mr. Charles F. Clark, whose headquarters are at Lynn.

"LADDIE BOY" IN BRONZE

THE statue of Laddie Boy, the airedale terrier which was owned by the late President Harding, has been cast in bronze and is soon to find a permanent place in Washington, D. C. The original model was executed by Miss Bashka Paeff, the Boston sculptress, and was shown as a frontispiece in *Our Dumb Animals* some months ago. The completed statue was cast from 19,314 one-cent pieces contributed to the fund of the Roosevelt Newsboys' Association by newsboys throughout the United States. After a brief exhibition in Boston, the statue is to be unveiled with public ceremonies in the nation's capital and then admitted to the Smithsonian Institute.

Laddie Boy is alive and enjoying life in a good home in West Newton, Mass.

WATER FOR WORK-HORSES

THE Massachusetts S. P. C. A. maintains five watering stations for horses in Boston. During the month of July 13,124 calls for water were supplied. The Society purposes to continue this most necessary relief during the remainder of the summer, and asks for contributions to sustain the service.

FAIR FOR ANIMAL HOSPITAL

The Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. will hold its annual Fair at the Society's building early in November. A general invitation is extended to all friends of animals to participate in this annual event and become acquainted with the work and needs of the Animal Hospital. Tables will be in charge of various members, as follows: white elephant, Mrs. Agnes Fisher; candy, Mrs. Charles Rowley; utility, Mrs. H. F. Woodward; food, Mrs. E. H. Woods. There will also be an apron table, cafeteria, and bridge. Friends wishing to make contributions of salable articles or cash are requested to send them at any time to Mrs. A. J. Furbush, treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston. The date of the Fair, with additional particulars, will be announced in next month's issue.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society

180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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Humane Press Bureau

Mrs. May L. Hall, Secretary

Foreign Corresponding Representatives

George B. Duff.....	Australia
D. D. Fitch.....	British West Indies
Nicasio Zulaiaca C.....	Chile
F. W. Dieterich.....	China
Mrs. Jeannette Ryder.....	Cuba
Charles Maul.....	Czecho-Slovakia
Toufik Chamie.....	Damascus, Syria
Luis Pareja Cornejo.....	Ecuador
Edward Fox Sainsbury.....	France
William B. Allison.....	Guatemala
Mrs. Mary P. E. Nitobé.....	Japan
Mrs. Marie C. S. Houghton.....	Madeira
J. A. Forbes.....	New Zealand
Luther Parker.....	Philippine Islands
Joaquin Juliá.....	Spain
Mrs. Alice W. Manning.....	Turkey

Field Workers of the Society

Mrs. Alice L. Park, Palo Alto, California
Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue, San Diego, California
Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Tacoma, Washington
James D. Burton, Harriman, Tennessee
Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, Atlanta, Georgia
Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, Fort Worth, Texas
Miss Blanche Finley, Richmond, Virginia
Rev. John W. Lemon, Ark., Virginia
Seymour Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina

Field Representative

Wm. F. H. Wentzel, M.S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

LITERATURE AT PORTLAND CONVENTION

VISITORS to the fiftieth annual meeting of the American Humane Association at Portland, Oregon, August 23-26, 1926, found the publication and humane supplies of the American Humane Education Society on exhibition at the Multnomah Hotel. Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols of Tacoma, Wash., field representative of the Society, was in charge, assisted by Mrs. L. D. Thomas of the Parent-Teacher Association, Portland, Ore. Sample copies of *Our Dumb Animals* and of many cards, pamphlets and leaflets were distributed liberally. Mrs. Nichols, because of her wide experience in practical humane work, was in much demand for conferences with various delegates.

A Classic on the Cow

MANY well-deserved tributes have been paid to man's friends of the animal world, the horse, the dog, the birds, but seldom are the virtues and utility of the cow, that foster-mother of the human race, extolled in such impressive phrase as the following, which is a part of a longer effusion by Malcolm R. Patterson, former governor of Tennessee:

The cow is an uncrowned queen without a scepter, and her kingdom is all the land between the seas. Her motto is service, and she always gives more than she receives.

When the children are well, she makes them better, and they grow and flourish with her constant benefactions. When they are sick and wasted, she raises them up and starts them right again. Her milk is the one perfect food for young and old. It holds every element to sustain and strengthen life. The cow works for all humanity without a complaint, and was never known to strike for higher wages. All she wants in exchange for the myriad blessings that she confers is enough to eat and a place to lie down at night. . . .

She is a thorough democrat in her habits and opinions. She gives to men and women and the children of all races and creeds; is kind to all, and favors none above the rest. She is dainty, too, in her tastes. She would rather die before she would feed on flesh. Her feed is clover, grain and succulent things of the vegetable world, grass, with which God carpets the earth in living green as it springs fresh from the heart of nature.

The cow is domestic. She loves home. She knows the place where she lives, and is faithful to it.

If she must wander away for feed, when the shadows begin to lengthen in the evening, she

will be standing at the gate, asking for admission, and the chance to yield her rich burden which she has stored in daylight hours. The cow is the poor man's chief reliance, his tried and trusted friend. She is true to him when all the world is cold. . . . Her concern is to help all humanity, and the man who lives in a cabin with seven tow-headed children to bring him joy, and poverty, is as much the recipient of her bounty as the rich man with three automobiles, two dogs and four servants, without one child to disturb his sleep or bring a smile of joy to his starving soul. I believe that a cow loves a poor man best, for he needs her most.

If all the cows in the world should die or dry up tomorrow, it would bring untold calamity upon mankind. We could get along better without railroads, the banks or the cotton crop, for without the cow the race would sicken, decay and finally perish. May we honor and praise her as she deserves. I hope that as we advance in knowledge, when we cease to be cruel and selfish, we will quit murdering and eating cows that have given us strength and comfort and saved our babies' lives. When this happy day comes, I should like to see a large fund collected to build an "Old Cows' Home," surrounded by luscious pastures and running water, where these old and tried friends could pass their remaining days and die in peace.

OBITUARY

AFTER a lingering illness Mr. Huntington Smith of Dedham, Mass., passed away on July 22. With his wife, Mrs. Anna Harris Smith, he had been actively identified with the work of the Animal Rescue League of Boston, since its foundation. Mr. Smith was formerly an editor and owner of several Boston publications and widely known in the humanitarian field. Our sympathy is extended to Mrs. Smith, the president of the League, and co-workers in the loss of one who wrought zealously in the cause of animal relief.

A WORD TO TEACHERS

LET us make our teaching stronger and richer. Let us give our pupils something varied and inviting. Let us reach out more. Let us reach out for and take in humane education. Too much so-called teaching is unskilled labor. Too many of us are buried in our text-books, are mechanical hearers of lessons, are mere word-jugglers, fact peddlers and mind-stuffers. Let us put away all these things and teach. Let us put brains and heart into our work. Let us become character-builders.

B. J. TICE

WAR office statistics show that, in England alone, between May, 1923, and January, 1926, over 2,000 animals were used for experiments in gas poisoning. The victims were not killed at once, for death had to be slow, in some cases extending over a month, so that science might help mankind with accurate knowledge of how to kill. A brave, noble, heroic thing — this war business! — *Unity*

A ROADSIDE TRAGEDY

ROSE GREY

I SAW a most heartbreakingly pathetic exhibition of the loyalty of a small dumb creature a few days ago, as I was motoring along a cement road near Canaan, Connecticut. About three in the afternoon as we rounded a curve, a little gray squirrel darted across the road a short distance ahead of us. A highly traveled public road on a mid-afternoon is not generally the place and time squirrels pick out to do their traveling, and I was about to remark on it when I saw the reason. By the side of the road from which it had come, lay a little squirrel — dead — its mate, no doubt, that had been run over or met its end in some inexplicable manner and, true to the last, the little fellow had staid there as long as possible, helpless to do anything but mourn over the passing of its mate until the rush of life compelled it to take its heartbreak into the fastness of the woods.

IN New Zealand, Animal Welfare Week, corresponding to our annual Be Kind to Animals Week, was observed from Sunday, July 25, to Saturday, July 31. Sunday was designated as Animal Sunday and Friday as Humane Day in Schools. The movement was endorsed by His Excellency the Governor of New Zealand (Sir C. Fergusson), who wrote to Mr. J. A. Forbes: "Most of us have our animal friends and can sympathize with a movement which has for its object the love and care of animals in general. I hope that the efforts made will succeed in inculcating these ideals, and in impressing them especially on our young people."

The Cat Raphael

ANTHONY CLYNE

TWO centuries before Louis Wain there was an artist famous for his delineation of cats, Gottfried Mind, known as "the Cat Raphael." He was born in 1768 at Berne, where his father had arrived shortly before from Austria and found employment as a carpenter in the paper factory of Herr Gruener. This prosperous manufacturer was a lover of art, and one summer had staying with him a German artist named Legel. Young Gottfried, a delicate child, was in great measure left to his own devices, perhaps in the hope of making him healthier and stronger by the cheap and easy means of idle running about. Gottfried followed the artist about and watched him while he worked. Legel, touched with compassion for the weakly boy, allowed him to see all he did and took him to his room to look at prints and books of pictures. Gottfried especially enjoyed turning the pages of a volume of animal pictures by Ridinger, and it was not long before he tried to copy some of them with a pencil. Legel corrected his attempts and taught him the elements of drawing, so that eventually he ventured to imitate his master and sketch from nature—sheep, goats, cows, and especially cats.

His father had no sort of an opinion of this occupation. He despised drawing on paper, and considered wood the only material worth working with. So whenever the child begged for paper to draw on, he threw him a bit of wood. Gottfried was fain to try carving animals in wood, and speedily acquired such skill that his wooden goats and cats came to ornament all the presses and mantel-pieces in the village.

In his eighth year the boy was sent to a school for poor children which Pestalozzi had established near Berne. In the register for the year 1778 is the following entry: "Friedly Mynth of Bossi, of the bailiwick of Aubonne, very weak, incapable of hard work, full of talent for drawing, a strange creature, full of artist-caprices along with a certain roguishness; drawing is his whole employment; a year and a half here; ten years old." How long he remained at this school we do not know, but about the age of sixteen he became a kind of apprentice to a painter at Berne named Sigmund Freudenberger, who by paintings of Swiss family pieces had acquired considerable wealth and reputation.

To Mind's innate gift were added training and experience. He learned to finish his drawings with charming delicacy in water-colors. But in everything else he remained very ignorant. With difficulty could he be made to write his name, and the simplest arithmetical operations were beyond him. Once he had to pay the postman six kreuzers for a letter, and Madame Freudenberger gave him two silver pieces. He refused to take them to the postman, insisting that two pieces were not enough, and went on grumbling unconvinced until she counted six kreuzers into his hand. This ignorance and helplessness was taken advantage of, and poor Mind never thought of seeking a better place. He spent his whole life on the same stool, drawing and painting after his own fancy animals and children at play, for the same miserable pittance.

After Freudenberger's death many artists would gladly have taken him into their service, but like his beloved cats, he was so at-

tached to the house, to his corner and his desk and his stool, he would not listen to their invitations. When Madame Freudenberger noticed that they were anxious to get Mind away from her, she would not let them come near him, only at rare intervals by way of special favor allowing a few acquaintances, whom she could depend on, to visit him in her presence. When he had to copy one of his drawings, he usually sketched the outline against the glass of the window. If, on these occasions, it chanced that he thought some passer-by or dog or cat in the street worth looking at, withdrawing his eyes for a moment from the work, his taskmistress would angrily reprove him. "Gaping out again! Not a bit of work done all day! Sit down and attend to your paper, and give over spying." The widow kept him dressed in the meanest clothes, and all his life he had to sleep in a child's bed too short for him. Eventually, under such continual toil and cruel restraint, he sank and died on November 17, 1814, of pleurisy.

Mind's peculiar talent for depicting cats was discovered by his master by chance. Freudenberger was painting the picture of a peasant cleaving wood before his cottage, with his wife sitting by feeding her child from a pot around which a cat is prowling, engravings of which became very popular. Mind gazed at the figure of the cat and said in his rough way, "That is no cat!" Freudenberger asked with a smile if he thought he could do it better. Mind went into a corner and presently returned with a drawing of the cat, which Freudenberger recognized as far superior to his own. So the master copied the scholar's work, and it was Mind's cat which was engraved on Freudenberger's plate.

Though he excelled in painting cats, his pictures of other animals and of children were greatly admired for their truth and grace. He was fond of depicting peasant children, their joys and sorrows, their games and quarrels—sledge-parties with half-frozen but still merry faces, beggar boys in their picturesque tatters, and so on. His cats were his constant companions. While he sat painting, a cat was usually perched on his shoulder, another sitting by him on the table, watching how the work went on, and sometimes a kitten or two lay on his lap under the table. With these creatures he kept up a fond and playful conversation. He painted cats of individual character, cats of all kinds, cats in every posture, dozing in content, eagerly begging, daintily sporting, warily watching.

His mistress allowed him to visit the house of Sigmund Wagner in Berne, who possessed a fine collection of copperplates. On Sunday evenings in winter he would spend his time looking at them, while his host was reading or writing, commenting audibly and candidly on the merits of each picture, often declaring the animals to be falsely drawn. After such picture-reviewing he used to drink tea with Herr Wagner, and the pastries which accompanied it were greatly to his taste. Although he intensely enjoyed these evenings, he sometimes replied to an invitation with: "Cannot come. My 'Busi' is sick and I must stay with her." Or perhaps another of his cats prevented him, and he sent a message: "'Sandy' is like to have kittens today, and so I cannot leave her."

BOSTON MAN LOSES VALUED PET

ONE of the most remarkable pets we ever heard of was this handsome tiger cat which died recently in his fourteenth year. "Brother" was the prized possession of Mr. C. E. Stone, 31 Allston Street, Dorchester, Mass., and the two were boon companions for many years. Weighing twenty-four pounds when in his prime, with his great, lustrous



"BROTHER" STONE

eyes, Brother was a magnificent specimen of his kind. His intelligence, dignity, and readiness to respond to his master's call were akin to canine traits. Mr. Stone, who resides alone with his mother, was keenly grieved at the loss of a pet which filled so large a place in the family life. The picture gives some indication of Brother's beauty and his splendid coat of unblemished fur.

A HAPPY FAMILY

REV. C. N. SINNETT

ON July 15, 1926, I went to pick wild strawberries in a field near Fertile, Minnesota. In a short time I chanced to glance a few feet ahead of a berry patch. There were some animals cuddled up together like kittens. Their bright eyes caused me to start back a little, as I had had several encounters with the swift and wicked movements of weasels. But a stir of one of the animals showed that they were minks. One of them started for the near-by railroad track. Seeing that the others did not follow he returned to his playmates. For several minutes they looked me over in an interested manner. They showed no fear at all. Presently the leader started for a clump of trees and the other four slowly followed him. They looked back now and then as if saying, "Leave a few berries." I obeyed, and also kept their hiding-place a secret. This was desirable as the boys of the town were looking for minks along the river and about the old mill.

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel. Stalls and kennels are marked with the names of the donors.

ON LAKE LEMAN

SAIL high, O gull, beat down the air!
Strive upward, like a white-winged
prayer! . . .

*It must be glorious to fly
Steadfast and slow
And only know
That earth is past, and heaven is high.*

MARGARET SHERWOOD, in "The Upper Slopes"

TAILS OR TAIL-LESS?

MRS. NESTOR NOEL

DO you remember the old nursery rhyme: "They cut off their tails with a carving knife"? I used to hate this when we were supposed to walk round in a ring and sing it. It sounded so cruel. So did that other thing about, "With his tail cut short." Why do they allow children to sing such stuff?

Yesterday I was passing a lady in the street. She carried a small dog. She seemed to be explaining that "only a small part of its tail would be cut off!" Perhaps I heard wrong. I hope I did.

Why must they cut off the tails of dogs? Why undertake or think to improve on nature? I have seen horses also without tails. It made them a prey to mosquitoes and flies. They used to switch off these annoyances with their tails. They are helpless now.

There are some cruelties to animals which revolt us more than others. I always feel very deeply when I see a horse or a dog which has had its tail cut off. Some people think this improves the appearance. More do not. Even supposing the former are right, which they are not, why inflict pain when it is unnecessary? I am sure the dog would rather keep his tail than have it cut off. Were he intended to be tail-less, he would have been born that way. People are conceited when they think they can improve on Nature. I have heard people say: "It does not hurt them." I have my doubts as to this. If the operation does not hurt at the time, I know some part of the dog's anatomy must hurt at another time apart from that of the operation.

If you have lived on the prairie, you will know what horse-flies, wasps and mosquitoes are like. There are people who do not cut off their horses' tails, but they tie them up which is nearly as bad. A tail was meant to be of use. It is there for a purpose, a good purpose. There should be a law against allowing anyone to cut off or tie up a horse's tail. The same law should be applied to dogs. Dogs have a right to their tails. You would not like a person to cut off your arm or hand. A dog's tail is as useful to him as our hands are to us, in his way.

It is perfectly wonderful what a dog can do with his tail. He can express love with it, he can whisk off flies, he can play with it, he can chase it, he can show his emotions with it. Why take it away from him? I often see a dog try to wag his little stump of a tail and I feel sorry for him and angry with the person who robbed him of the rest of it.

For the sake of the dogs that love us so, even more than we deserve, let us fight against this injustice. Let us do all in our power so that our dogs and horses, too, shall be free to keep the tails which the Creator gave them when they came into the world.



ALONE AND LONGING FOR HIS HOME IN AFRICA

ANIMALS ARE INDIVIDUALS

L. E. EUBANKS

WHEN I was a boy I had a friend that liked the shells of peanuts just as well as he did the kernels. But I did not infer from that evidence that the majority of peanut eaters ate the shells.

Because some foxes visit chicken houses is no proof that all foxes do. Individuality among animals is just as much a fact as it is among people. When it comes to eating, the average animal is more of a specialist than the average man is; one fox will eat mice by preference; another, muskrats; and there may not be but one chicken-thief in a locality where there are a hundred foxes. Is it fair to condemn a group for the fault of one of its members? As a class, foxes will never be dangerous to farmers' stock; they are too cautious, too fearful of man.

Mink are not one-tenth as fond of chicken as they have been painted; when chicken killing is fastened on one of these animals the culprit is usually an old fellow with poor teeth, or one who has been maimed by a trap in some way that prevents his success with prey that he would really rather have.

If there were some way of ascertaining, I would wager that a heavy percentage of the few mink that do annoy the farmer's fowls have been taught to like chicken. It is a very common practice to bait mink traps with a chicken or some part of it, and quite common on farms to leave a bloody chicken-head near the woodpile when the fowl is killed for dinner.

The weasel, too, is falsely accused in most cases. One farmer trapped a number of weasels, but continued to lose an occasional chicken, until a neighbor suggested that he direct his suspicion elsewhere. The result was the capture of a giant rat, and that ended the chicken killing. Even among hawks the individual offender has to be dealt with; not all hawks molest the hen yard.

The most loyal defender of those animals commonly called chicken thieves does not claim that they are all guiltless; but we do assert that if only the guilty individuals were slain, and if man would avoid the creation of the appetite he deprecates, there would be little cause left for complaint. Unless you are sufficiently uninformed and unjust to say that your neighbor's dog sucks eggs just because your own does, then do not say that all the members of any species are necessarily guilty of the offense you have fastened on one.

THE VANISHING ZEBRA

HETTY ROGERS

THE zebra, the gayly striped member of the horse family, is, without doubt, the most beautiful of quadrupeds; but both hunters and naturalists claim it is fast becoming extinct. It is found only in South Africa, in the mountainous districts extending down to Cape of Good Hope.

They are wary little animals and never come down into the plains of their own free will, and never herd with the quagga or Burchell's zebra—the other members of their family. They inhabit the wildest, most secluded spots of the mountains; are always on the alert; always active; and because of their fleetness of foot, it is almost impossible to get near them.

Burchell's zebra is handsomely striped, but the quagga had fewer stripes. Its head and forequarters were covered with dark mahogany stripes on a red-brown ground. These gradually became fainter and disappeared entirely on the haunches and hind legs.

It was found on the plains, living carelessly, sometimes in herds of twenty or thirty, and although a social and peaceable animal it was never found with its more elegant brothers. It often ranged with the white-tailed gnu, but more often with the ostrich, for which it seems to have had a preference. It was named "quagga" because its bray was a high, shrill sound of which the word is a good imitation. A quagga was alive in the London Zoo in 1870, but it died in 1872 and after its death it is thought that they ceased to exist.

The Hottentots ate the flesh of the zebra and quagga. The early Dutch settlers did not like the taste of their flesh but shot them in great numbers for food for their native help, which may be one reason for their disappearance. They used them, too, as sentries over their horses. They would turn them out at night to graze with the horses, so that they might protect them from wild dogs and hyenas whose ways they well understood. A lone quagga often acted as sentinel for the rest of his herd. When he caught the scent of a hunter or a dangerous animal, he gave the alarm. The other quaggas would gather quickly around him to see or smell the approaching danger, then like a flash they would turn and vanish.

The hide of the quagga was used to make sacks to hold grain, and the thicker parts that covered the hocks was greatly prized for the manufacture of shoe soles.

COLORS THAT ATTRACT INSECTS

RUBY DENTON

BEES, and some other insects, seem to be able to distinguish between colors, especially red, blue, white, and yellow. It has been proved by experiments that bees are most strongly attracted to blue, but everyone knows with what affection they also hover over the blossoms of the white clover, red clover, and the greenish yellow flowers of the linden tree, so we know that bees patronize blue, red, white, and yellow flowers, but the blue flower is the favorite. You will see them buzzing around the sky-blue blossoms of the larkspur. You will also find them busying themselves around the brilliant blue flowers of the viper bugloss, which is that thistle-like plant seen in the fields in summer. Bees that buzz around the blue larkspur cannot be enticed to any other flower while the larkspur is in bloom.

One might think that the bees were attracted by the quality of the nectar of the flowers rather than their color, but experiments have been made by putting drops of honey on pieces of paper of different color, and the bees have always showed a decided preference for the honey on the blue paper. In one experiment with a bee, a bouquet of many kinds of flowers was arranged. The bee alighted on the blue larkspur after hovering over and touching many of the other flowers. Another bee was then introduced to the same bouquet, and this bee also chose the larkspur. The experiment was repeated again and again with many bees of different kinds. All voted for the larkspur as their queen of flowers.

The greatest variety of flowers have white blossoms, and there is a greater number of sweet smelling flowers among the white than among any of the other colors. The smallest variety of fragrant flowers is found in red, yet butterflies show a decided preference for red, but they also seem to be fond of pale blue flowers. Moths like white and yellow blossoms, and beetles prefer yellow flowers.

It may be the color of a certain flower that a bee likes, it may be the perfume, or it may be the nectar. It is certainly nectar that the bee wants, but he seems to be able to distinguish from a distance a blue flower, and knows that it holds the kind of sweet that he likes best. It has been proved that a bee knows blue when he sees it, a butterfly knows red and orange, beetles can recognize a yellow flower, and flies have a decided preference for white flowers.

"HANK," THE BULL SNAKE

D. C. RETSLOFF

AN old adobe wall enclosed the kitchen garden at the Los Flores ranch-house in Southern California. No one remembered when it was built and no one remembered when part of it had fallen into decay. The owner of the ranch decided to rebuild the broken sections and delegated half a dozen of his men to do the work.

While they were removing a pile of crumbling earth, they disturbed a fat young chestnut-brown bull snake about three feet in length. Most of the men wanted to kill the snake, but Jose, a Mexican youth who rode the line fences daily, prevailed upon them to spare the young snake and his cavern home.

Time passed, the snake was frequently seen around the barn and out-buildings where he hunted rats and mice. Jose called him "Hank" and implored the other men to treat him with respect.

At first Hank was shy, he would hurry out of sight and coil under the nearest cover at the sound of approaching footsteps. By the middle of summer he seemed to understand that he had a perfect right to enjoy all the privileges of other pets. For hours at a time he would bask in the sun on the top step of the south porch at the ranch-house and another favored spot was the one step at the bunk house where Jose slept.

During the winter he lived more secluded in his adobe cavern, rarely appearing on damp, cloudy days. Then it was that Jose began cultivating a closer acquaintance. With bits of meat and lumps of sugar he would sit near Hank's front door and strum on his ukelele. After a few minutes, the dark head of the snake would appear, his little beady eyes taking on a soft expression and his mouth open in expectation.

José always gave him two lumps of sugar, then the meat, and finished with two more lumps of sweet. After he had swallowed the tidbits he would crawl close to the side of the young man and listen to the soft dreamy sounds coming from the stringed instrument. To some of the tunes he would keep time by a swaying motion of his smooth head.

When the hills began wearing their coats of green, Hank was so tame that José carried him around the ranch on the trips of fence inspection. If a broken wire or a weak staple needed fixing, José would place Hank on the

ground near by, attend to the mending job, pick the snake up, mount his pony and go on his way.

Whenever José would find a gopher hole on the trip he would stop and start Hank down it. Sometimes he would see no more of his pet for two or three days, then Hank would greet him from the adobe cavern.

José rode the boundary for five years after the discovery of the snake and barring the first twelve months Hank was nearly always his companion. In four years he grew from a slender young black string into a handsome big black bull snake seven feet long and about three inches in diameter.

The ranch changed owners, José took a position some miles distant, the wife of his new employer objected to the presence of the snake pet. Almost tearfully José visited the adobe cavern, gave Hank a farewell supper, and played all their old favorite tunes.

Three weeks after José's departure from Los Flores, Hank was found curled up on the step of the bunk house, dead. Those who knew of the strange friendship declared that the bull snake died of a "broken heart."

A DEER RANCHER

AGNES WRIGHT SPRING

WOULD you rub your eyes and look again if you should see a fawn riding calmly at the side of a woman driver in an automobile with seven deer jogging along behind? This is the sight you would see if you happened to be in the neighborhood of the Moore ranch near Craig, along the Yampa River in northwestern Colorado.

Several years ago, Mrs. Walker Moore, who now owns the largest herd of pet deer in Colorado, found a half-starved little fawn whose mother had evidently been killed or wounded. She carried the small animal back to her ranch home and there raised it with a bottle.

A few months later a ranchman's dog found a tiny buck deserted in the foothills and the man gave the young deer to Mrs. Moore.

The two foundlings were the beginning of the herd of eight deer which now includes: "Doddie," the mother, "Bobbie," the father, "Lady," "Dinger" and "Ringer" (twins), "Rastus," "Snip" and "Snipe."

To care for this family is no small task as the younger ones have to be fed good, fresh milk either from a bottle or cup, depending upon which they prefer. Others are fed alfalfa hay, native hay, ground grain, tree and bush leaves. Some of them are also very fond of bread, fruits, sweets and melons.

Doddie, the doe, is very jealous of Mrs. Moore and is so devoted to her that she follows her everywhere she goes on the ranch. All of the deer trust their owner but are not quite so free with strangers.

Mrs. Moore has taught them to do many tricks and stunts and says that they do not obey the law of Nature regarding the points on the horns. "Some," she says, "have more and some have less than one point on the horns for each year of growth, even though they have all had the same feed and care."

Mrs. Moore has had some very tempting offers for her pets but has refused all of them and hopes that she will not have to part with them, especially the original two as she is so attached to them and finds them such good company.



MRS. MOORE WITH "DODDIE," "BOBBIE," AND THE TWINS, "DINGER" AND "RINGER"

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
4. An imitation gold badge for the president.

See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Thirty-two new Bands of Mercy were reported in July. Of these, ten were in schools of Tennessee; eight in schools of Pennsylvania; seven in schools of Rhode Island; four in schools of Syria; two in Georgia; and one in New York.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 156,938

RAPIDLY GROWING BANDS

THE Bands of Mercy formed by the Humane Society in Calgary (Alberta), through the efforts of Mrs. Georgine M. Hampson, number approximately 1,600 members, all having been secured since March 1.

Bandits in Syria Seize Band of Mercy Badge

Remarkable Progress of Humane Education Among Peoples of all Faiths—Merchants of Damascus Interested

VERY remarkable results continue to be achieved in Syria through the humane educational activities of Mr. Rida Himadi, assisted by friends of the American Humane Education Society. He has had three of our popular leaflets, "A Talk with the Teacher," "How to Treat a Horse," and "How to Treat Animals," translated into Arabic and widely distributed. He has issued, in Arabic, a short history of the Band of Mercy in Syria. New Bands of Mercy have been organized

BUSY WORKERS IN HOLLYWOOD

EVERYBODY who attends the movies — and who does not? — knows about Hollywood, California. Not everybody, however, knows about the very active Rosamonde Rae Wright Band of Mercy, organized last June by Marie C. Longley in the Hollywood Park school. The children have promised to see that every pet left behind by careless vacationists will be properly cared for, and, in emergencies, cases will be reported to the American Animal Defense League of Los Angeles. While school was in session, meetings of the Band were held weekly. Two of the "Songs of Happy Life" were learned. Each meeting was opened with a prayer for animals, and parliamentary rules are carefully observed in conducting the proceedings.

ENGLISH PONIES WELL CARED FOR

WE read in the *Animal World*, organ of the Royal S. P. C. A., London, that at the Northampton Whit-Monday cart and van horse parade seven remarkable ponies were shown. The ages varied from 22 to 32 years, the total of the ages of the seven ponies being 186. Each has been with his present owner from six to 32 years. All the ponies are fit and well and are worked daily; they have won Royal S. P. C. A. badges and awards for care and treatment. Their condition is a splendid testimonial to their owner's humanity.



TO JINGLES

CATHERINE PARMENTER

ACROSS the fields of memory
O happy, wee, white doggie, you
Are running once again to me
Beneath the summer's arching blue.

A boisterous greeting! — while I know
That all your love is mine; and here
With quivering tail and eyes a-glow
And four white feet so small and dear,

Trembling, you wait to hear me speak.
Where will the far trail lead today?
What new adventures shall we seek —
We two — along the wind-swept way?

But came a night when all was still,
And over pastures green and fair
You slipped beyond the last, dim hill;
And I — I could not follow there.

Will heaven not be a dreary place
If some mysterious fate denies
An eager tongue to lick my face —
The welcome light of trusting eyes?

THE OWL

WHEN cats run home and light is come,
And dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,

And the whirring sail goes round,

Alone and warming his five wits,

The white owl in the belfry sits.

TENNYSON



NATIVE OFFICERS IN SYRIA DISTRIBUTING INSTRUCTIONS ("How To Treat A Horse") TO DRIVERS AT ANTILYAS MILITARY STATION

The president of the Lyceé Universal in Damascus is authority for the statement that a student, wearing the Band of Mercy badge, was seized by bandits out on the frontier east of the city. "After they had seized him, they were quite delighted to look at the badge of Band of Mercy on his chest. They asked him about it and he expressed to them fully about it and about the humane movement in Syria and told them that he is a student and a member of it. Because of that they liked him and kept him all through that night without hurting him and took the badge only from him instead of the fine which they used to take from every one they seize."

CHILDREN'S PAGE



WHAT OTHERS SAY OF US

J. W. BARE in *Boyland*

A DONKEY saw a zebra, laughed and flapped his tail;
"My land!" he said, "look there: a mule's escaped from jail!"

The zebra, grazing slowly, spied a tall giraffe;
"A rubberneck!" he cried. "That makes me want to laugh!"

The old giraffe a camel saw in a field of rye,
Made fun of his old hump and laughed as though he'd die!

The camel saw an elephant, and I heard him say,
"I'd hate to have a nose so long and wobbly that way!"

The elephant then met a porcupine. "Alack!
I'd hate to wear such thorns," said he, "upon my back!"

And so each animal made fun of those he saw,
And never realized he, too, might have a flaw!

I know a lad who overlooks what people say.
"They may look queer," he says, "but I may, too, some way!"

He pays no heed as long as he just knows he's right;
He looks his best, forgets, and works with all his might.

THE MYSTERY CROW

CLARA NEWHALL FOGG

SWINGING from the dead limb of an old cottonwood tree, a painted weather-vane crow excites the curiosity of all the birds in the neighborhood. Of the Cape Cod brand, with jet black body and bright button eye, this crow is a constant irritation to the birds.

Two woodpeckers who feast on the old cottonwood cannot understand this upstart stranger who so nimbly turns to and fro. They give many a fierce peck at the unresponsive bird, and sometimes a plump young robin joins the party.

One day, with the robin for audience, the lady woodpecker hopped on the crow's back, while the husband nipped briskly at his one button eye. The crow swung slowly on, never heeding these attentions. Finally the woodpeckers and robin flew away, the mystery still unexplained.

HOW ONE DOG SAVED ANOTHER

THE way this story, and it's a true story, came to be told is because a great lover of animals who used to live up in Nova Scotia, wanting to interest the children in the school of her native town in the kind treatment of animals, offered some thirty dollars in prizes for essays upon the subject: "A Kind Deed Done by Me or Someone Else to One of God's Dumb Animals Who Cannot Speak for Themselves." More than thirty essays were written, and this is the one that won the first prize. What a fine way to interest children in animals!

Shubenacadie, Nova Scotia

One morning as Ruth, a girl fourteen years old, walked to school, she saw a small black dog chase a rabbit out on a lake. It was winter but the ice was not very strong. When he got to the middle of the lake the ice broke. He went in and could not get out as the ice broke when he jumped up on the side. He tried many times but was unsuccessful and had to swim back and forth to keep from freezing.

Ruth thought the poor little dog would drown, but just then a large collie came along. He saw the little dog and ran out on the ice. When he got out to the hole the ice broke. Both dogs were now in the cold water. The collie took the little dog by the neck and lifted him up on the solid ice. When he tried to get out himself the ice broke. He was a lot heavier than the little dog. Ruth thought he would soon drown. She did not know what to do. She saw a plank lying by the side of the road. After dragging it out on the lake as far as she thought safe she shoved it ahead of her. When the end of the plank reached the water Ruth lay down on it and crawled out until she came to the hole. She helped the dog to get on the board, then crawled back to the end of the board and walked to the shore.

The little black dog had run swiftly to the shore but the collie walked beside the girl who had saved his life. She took him home and that afternoon found out that he was a strange dog who had strayed from his master who passed through that town a few days before. Ruth advertised the lost dog, but when the owner of the big collie came to get him, he did not want to leave the girl who had saved him from drowning.

GEORGIE E. PHILLIPS (Age 13 years.)



THE MORE THE MERRIER FOR THIS STURDY STEED

THE BIRD-BATH

A METAL bowl on wooden pole,
All painted green;
A chirping heard as joyous bird
Above is seen.

A whir of wings as lovely things
Anear it fly:
The water gleams and welcome seems
To birdlings dry.
Alight and slip then graceful dip
In water clear;
Be happy, do, the summer through,
You birds so dear.

ANNA M. FIELDING

MORAL ESTRAYS

A. M. MULLER

ALL the members of any animal family should not be blamed for the sins of one particular set, any more than we hold all human beings guilty for the offenses committed by a few. Several examples of this have been noted in Florida.

We were continually losing eggs, finding the shells punctured. At first we thought hens had fallen into the habit of egg eating; then we picked out jays as the culprits. We could not close the laying house, as it had wire netting on all sides. We discovered that woodpeckers were eating the eggs. They were medium-sized, "black and white checked," marked with red. Entirely unafraid, they would scold in fruit trees only a few feet above us. We did not begrudge them fruit so much, but we would not lose all the eggs, so the woodpeckers were shot.

As we had no cat or dog, and encouraged birds, the same kind of woodpeckers were soon as numerous as ever, screaming about the trees, but eggs were undisturbed. It was merely a vice of certain individuals.

In the same way, jays sometimes steal eggs, though we have never been thus annoyed.

From eating refuse at a butchering pen on a farm, crows started killing young chickens, destroying thirteen in one day. That proved an unlucky number for the crows, and their ranks were thinned till they stayed away. On the other hand, crows often never molest chickens, being more destructive to young crops.

So do not condemn all birds for the misdemeanors of chance criminals. Investigate. Make sure of your facts before heaping recriminations upon birds that are friends except in occasional perverted cases.

THE STRENGTH OF AN ARMADILLO

L. E. EUBANKS

IT is commonly known that some of the small animals possess surprising strength. In pulling power I doubt there being anything on four legs, of its size, to outdo the armadillo. I read of one outpulling a dog twice its size; in a tug of war among animals of a like weight this little giant would surely win. It is said that when an armadillo once starts to "hole in" nothing but death can stop his digging.

W. H. Hudson tells of an amusing experience with an armadillo. He was standing on a mound at the side of a moat, not far from where some men were working, when an armadillo, startled by the workmen, ran to the very spot where he stood, and began digging to bury himself in the soil.

Mr. Hudson, then only a boy, determined to capture the animal, imagining that the task

would be easy. He took hold of the black, bone-cased tail with both hands and began tugging to get the animal off the ground. The little fellow went right on digging furiously and getting deeper and deeper into the earth. The boy soon realized that instead of doing the pulling he was being pulled. It hurt young Hudson's pride to think that an animal no larger than a cat was beating him in a trial of strength, and he went on more tenaciously than before, and tugged and strained more violently, until—not to lose the prize—he had to get down flat on the ground.

But it was all in vain. First his hands, then the aching arms were carried down into the earth, and he was forced to release his hold and rid himself of the dirt that was being thrown into his eyes and mouth.

AND "THE YANKS" FORGOT HIM, ALAS!

The following from *The Animals' Friend* is too good not to give to our readers:

DURING the last year of the Great War, when I was Medical Officer in charge of troops at the Rest Camp, Southampton, a dog arrived and attached himself to the American troops as they passed through on their way to France. He would have nothing to do with our men nor the troops of other nations—only Americans. It was so amusing to watch him that I thought I must try to give his devotion what immortality I could by writing these verses. I wish I had been able to get hold of him and keep him, but in the rush of those stormy times I lost sight of him and suppose that he was destroyed.

HE was only a bit of a mongrel dog, But nevertheless, I ween, He fancied himself an important cog On a wheel of the War Machine.

With his stumpy tail and his ginger hair, He wouldn't have fetched a dollar; And he came to the camp from none knew where, With neither a name nor collar.

To shepherd the Yanks and to act as guide Was all that he had to ask, And he gave himself with a lordly pride To his self-appointed task.

He'd start away from the sentry-box, And he never would rest or slack Till he'd got the one draft down to the docks And brought the new draft back,

Barking in front of those stalwart Yanks, To answer the people's cheer; Trotting ahead of the marching ranks, As proud as a Bombardier.

And he'd look at his men as they stood at ease, As if to proudly say: "They are all correct and in order, please, And I've done my bit to-day."

And then the Peace came, and the marching host
Of his soldiers came no more, But faithful still he stuck to his post
By the shut Headquarters door,

Waiting alone for his men to come
To the place where they'd always meet,
With his ears erect for the distant drum
And the sound of the tramping feet.

But there came no sign, and he wondered then,
With a creature's dumb despair,
What had become of his soldier men,
And why they had left him there.

And so he'd wait, with never a friend,
Till at last there came a day
When I heard he had met the appointed end
That happens to dogs astray.

Now I know not where, without stone or name,
Is the spot where your heart's at rest.
But I do know this, that you played the game.
That you did your level best.

So I've made you a wreath that will not fade,
And I trust, whate'er befalls,
We shall meet once more, at the Great Parade,
When the last Réveille calls.

ESTACE BARTON

EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

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